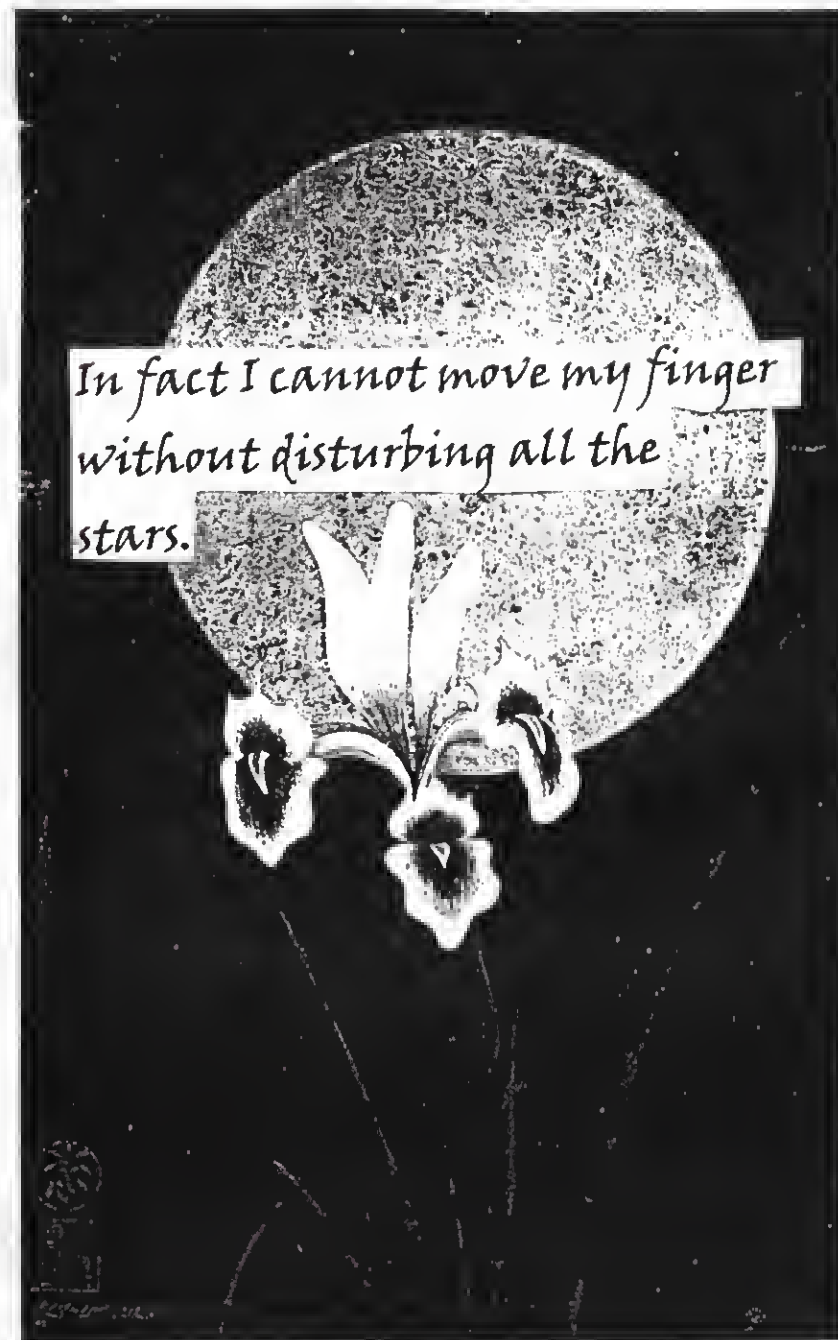
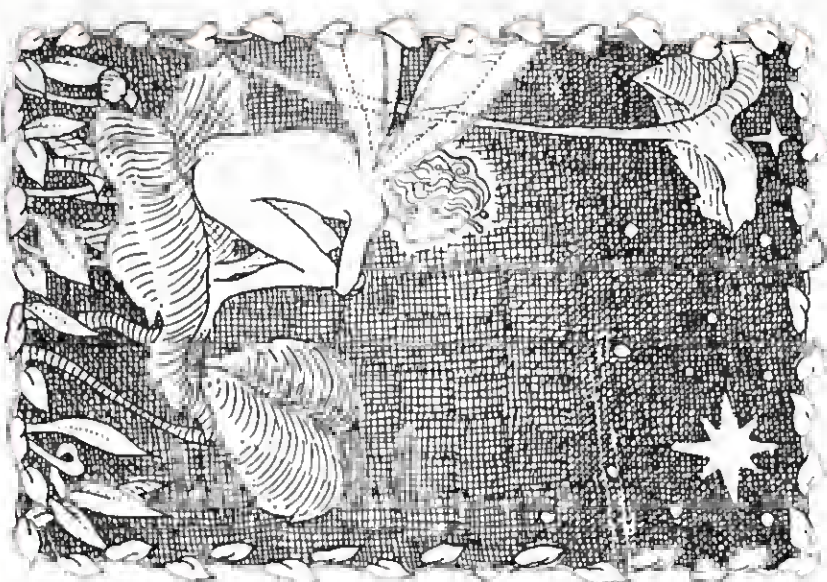


baby girl



one dollar and two stamps or trade

lindsey morrison
12946 tree way lane
jacksonville, FL 32258



send this sweetheart to the lovely and wonderful:

molly

hello again.

well, here it is--baby girl number three! sometimes i marvel at the fact that i actually put out my own publication...somehow it doesn't seem real. sometimes it feels like mine is a pseudo-zine, i don't know why.

these few months have been quite tumultuous for me, full of self-realization and uncovering many truths about myself...finding reasons for discontent and happiness, delving into places inside myself that i've never had the guts to go into before. i've been itching to confess things that i've never really talked about before, but i still haven't mustered up the courage to do that yet. i've just discovered so much over the past few months...a lot of that is written about in here, either in the form of short prose or semi-autobiographical fiction. i've just felt this overwhelming need lately to write, to get parts of myself out in the open so that i'm not hiding so much anymore.

anyways, my life has been the usual--ups and downs, deaths and rebirths. one week i'll be in love with life and breezing around and smiling and laughing; then the next week i'll be ready to implode in my room, feeling like something inside me has just died. school has reached its lowest point in my life, where i dread going every day and have reached burnout on doing homework and projects and i am so apprehensive about may (AP and final exams)...but everything else is at its peak, because i am in love. one weekend, as we lay on the floor together watching "my best friend's wedding," me and my best friend ryan made the leap to boyfriend-girlfriend. and i have no regrets, because i am happier now than i have been in so long.

i hope you like this, a lot of my heart has gone into it...in many ways, this is the nakedest i've ever been.

SOUNDTRACK FOR THIS ISSUE

from the choirgirl hotel tori amos

the natural bridge silver Jews

opera arias maria callas

the pink album tuscadero

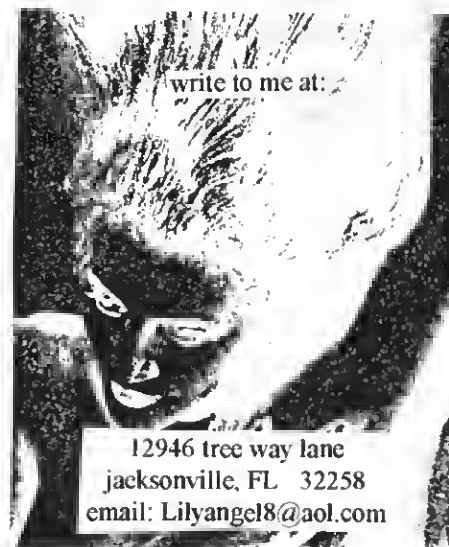
the inevitable squirrel nut zippers

time to say goodbye. for now.

you've reached the end of this now, and i hope it had some effect on you--hopefully you identified with some of the feelings, or something stirred inside you as you read through all this...i don't know, just as long as you felt *something*. it was pretty hard for me to write some of these pieces/poems, because some times i just wanted to put my pen down and keep the feelings inside, because it was just so hard to dredge up all those emotions that i've kept buried inside for so long. these are things that i've kept from people for such a long time...

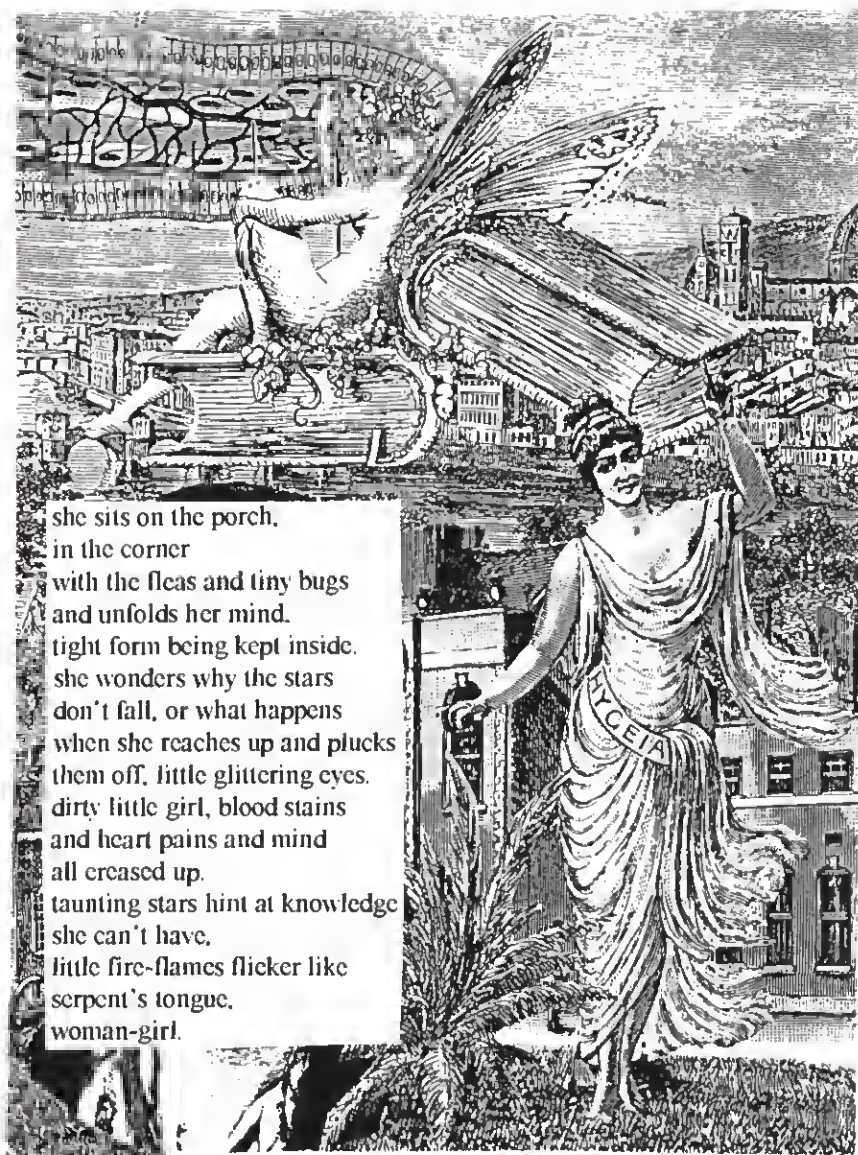
please please write me back and let me know what you thought of this issue. i love letters and i promise to write back...it's just that getting feedback from you is so important to me, letting me know what you liked and identified with and thought. even if you get this from a distro. i want your letters.

this zine was/is one dollar and two stamps or trade issues one and two are still available (same price). in addition to *mulduscious and puddlewonderful*

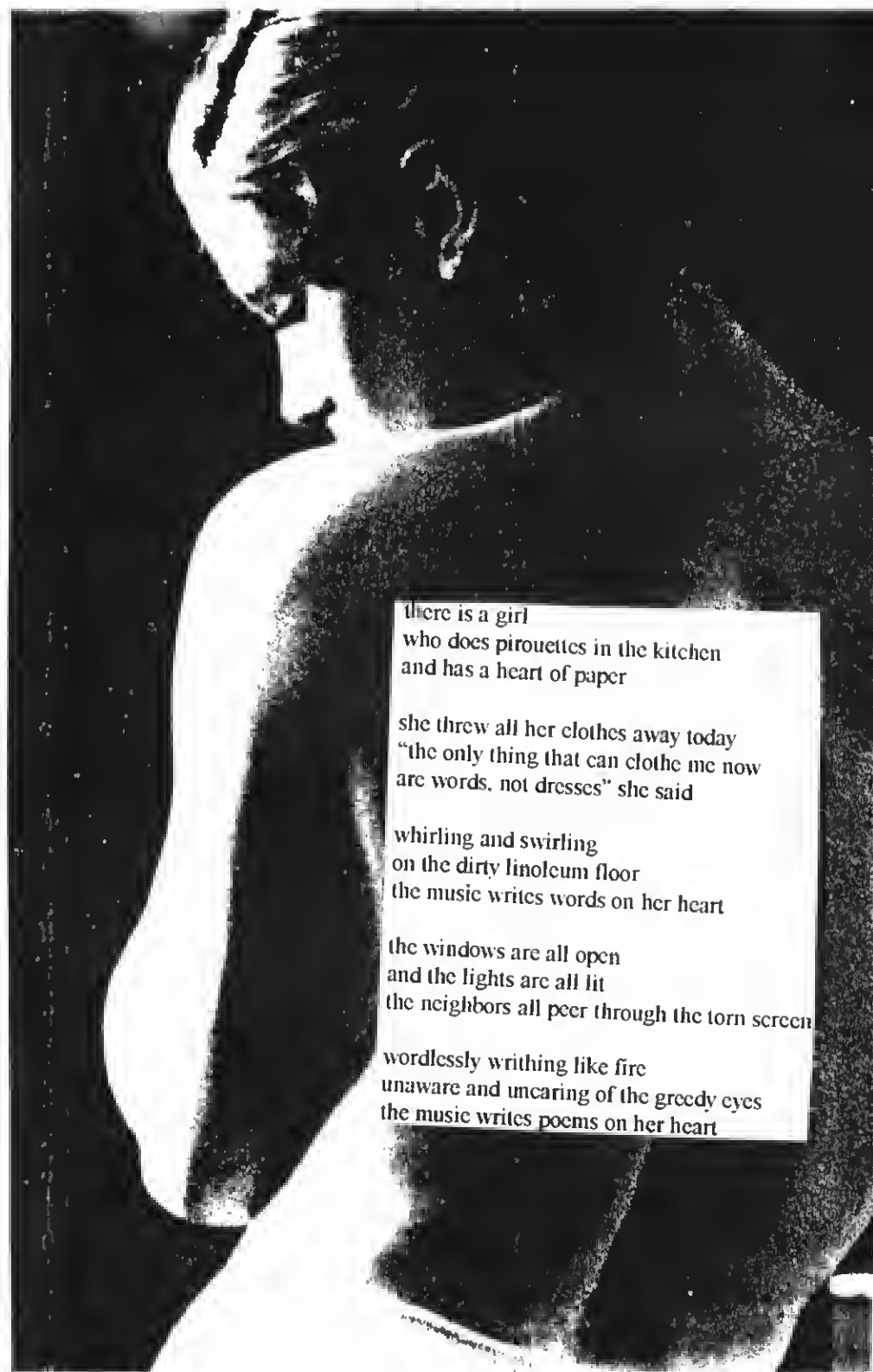


write to me at:

12946 tree way lane
jacksonville, FL 32258
email: Lilyangel8@aol.com



she sits on the porch,
in the corner
with the fleas and tiny bugs
and unfolds her mind.
tight form being kept inside.
she wonders why the stars
don't fall, or what happens
when she reaches up and plucks
them off, little glittering eyes.
dirty little girl, blood stains
and heart pains and mind
all creased up.
taunting stars hint at knowledge
she can't have,
little fire-flames flicker like
serpent's tongue.
woman-girl.



there is a girl
who does pirouettes in the kitchen
and has a heart of paper

she threw all her clothes away today
"the only thing that can clothe me now
are words, not dresses" she said

whirling and swirling
on the dirty linoleum floor
the music writes words on her heart

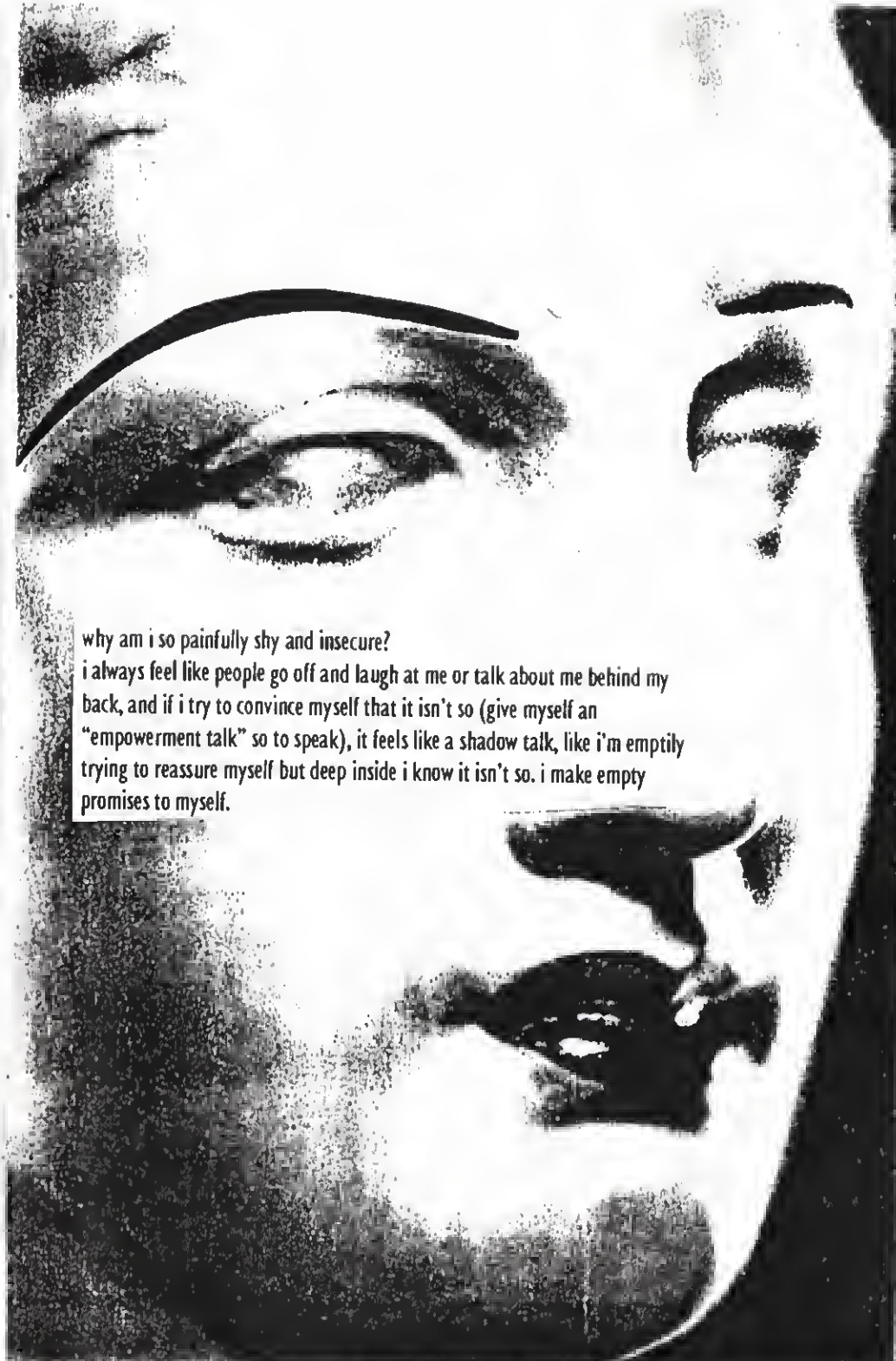
the windows are all open
and the lights are all lit
the neighbors all peer through the torn screen

wordlessly writhing like fire
unaware and uncaring of the greedy eyes
the music writes poems on her heart



isolation.
5-4-98

i feel like i am living my life underneath a bell jar. (just like sylvia plath did...) every time i'm around others, walking through the hallways, talking to people, i feel as if i'm removed from everyone, as if i'm on another side of a transparent wall where i can go through the motions of being connected but never really *interact*. i think that's why i am such a clingy person. i only feel *real* when i'm actually touching someone, even if it's a touch on the arm or an embrace. one touch for a fleeting moment of connection. i realized this suddenly only a week or so ago, a flash of realization. this explains so much, like my need for always having a significant other and my need for a physical relationship. i've always felt so *complete* when i'm in the arms of someone else, but i never really knew why. now i do. touching, to me, transcends mere senses. i am not only touching with my fingers or my mouth, but i am touching with my heart, with the core of my being.



why am i so painfully shy and insecure?

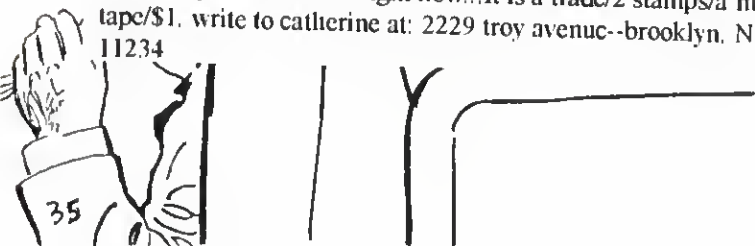
i always feel like people go off and laugh at me or talk about me behind my back, and if i try to convince myself that it isn't so (give myself an "empowerment talk" so to speak), it feels like a shadow talk, like i'm emptily trying to reassure myself but deep inside i know it isn't so. i make empty promises to myself.

tennis and violins #1 okay, i know probably the majority of you out there have this and i feel hypocritical reviewing this since i got it from a distro and have never written her or anything...i'm scared to write her! i'm so intimidated, isn't that the silliest thing you've ever heard! aaargh!!! but anyways, the review: yes, it is fabulous. one of my favorite lines is, "I felt like I was encased in dirty plastic." um, writings about *everything*—girl love (i LOVE this piece), oppression, beauty, "fake queers," and more more more...i don't want this review to be a half a page of me telling you what's in it. a really really good read—trust me, i read it in spanish class instead of watching "the mighty ducks" en español. write kristy at: po box 1791—fort myers, FL 33902

pocket poetry #6 i love missy's work, it's so little and cute! this is a poetry book of haikus and cinquains (and more), and it inspired me to write haikus during physics class when i'm bored (which is basically the whole period)! it is illustrated with the cutest drawings too, yay! lalala...write to missy kulik (she does lots of other things too) at: 24 longvue circle--ambridge, PA 15003



violet crimes #4 this is a really wonderful zinc...it reminds me of *tyger voyage* in many ways, because the writing is so honest and straightforward and poetic and beautiful and eloquent, and you feel like those could be your own thoughts on paper in front of you (i did, anyways). it's a cute not-quite-pocket size with several short writings on several different things, but i love the way she writes and i don't know why i am so tired right now...it is a trade/2 stamps/a mix tape/\$1. write to catherine at: 2229 troy avenuc--brooklyn, NY 11234



flowers pushing through
the dirt like butterflies
beauty in brown soil

haikus

you write hurtful words
on my thin, delicate skin
i break like tissue



i never showed you
my unwritten poetry
you can't read my heart

speaking quietly
some words can be beautiful
not out of your mouth

a silent morning
butterfly sits quietly
i stifle a scream



broken, uninspired
picking glass off the floor
shards enter my heart



3-30-98

there are so many things that i have learned lately, so many things you have taught me. maybe i knew them all along, maybe i just closed my mind so i couldn't see.

there always has to be a catalyst for change. you were my catalyst.

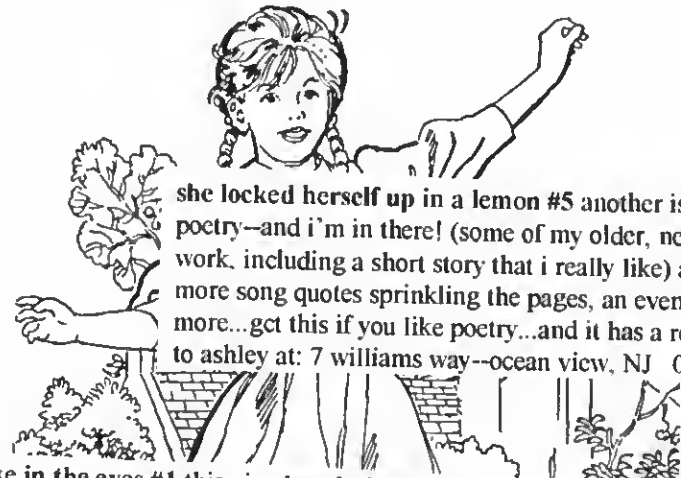
you opened my eyes and my heart. i never knew my eyes were shut and i never knew my heart could be opened. you knew, though. and now i am looking at the world through new eyes, beautiful eyes, and i am feeling my soul being filled with the most wonderful things that i used to deny were not there.



zine reviews

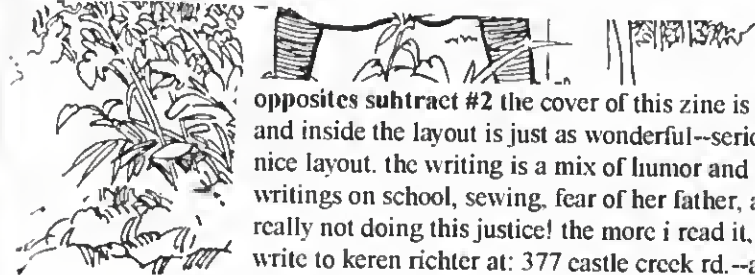
i guess this should really be called "gct these!" because i'm not really reviewing...but these are all zines that i really really like, and it comes out in my descriptions. these are all the most recent issues i've received, and all are \$1 and 2 stamps or trade, unless otherwise noted.

luscious thoughts #2/talk normal #1 this is one of my most favorite zines lately--not because gina happens to be one of my favorite people or anything, but because this is a truly wonderful zine! this is loaded with *amazing* poetry (lots of it!), a huge quote section (like my quotes? hcrs are fifty times better), and a really good writing on sexuality and gender (and more)...oh, i love it...love love love it...write to gina at: 129 ashton avenue--san francisco, CA 94112



she locked herself up in a lemon #5 another issue full of poetry--and i'm in there! (some of my older, never-been-printed work, including a short story that i really like) a *lot* of poetry, plus more song quotes sprinkling the pages, an evening with the cure, more...gct this if you like poetry...and it has a really neat cover! write to ashley at: 7 williams way--ocean view, NJ 08230-1210

smoke in the eyes #1 this zine has the best opening line of a story that i've ever read: "i remember the day the poets died." wow. and also poetry (by lots of people, including heather of *see you in hell* fame), a funny reprint of stupid things done by stupid people (a lot funnier than i make it sound, trust me), other writings...this zine is kind of ramby and takes a few readings for it to really sink in, but a good first issue, i think. write to maurcen at: 18864 killoch way--northridge, CA 91326



opposites subtract #2 the cover of this zine is beautiful and glittery. and inside the layout is just as wonderful--seriously, a really really nice layout. the writing is a mix of humor and seriousness, including writings on school, sewing, fear of her father, and much more...i'm really not doing this justice! the more i read it, the more i like it. write to keren richter at: 377 castle creek rd.--alamo, CA 94507

the bourgeoisie are all dancing the salsa
and the blue danube waltz
to the sound of violins and drumbeats
in their houses made of wood and lies

we painted our lips red last night
and danced together, holding tight

i sold my heart on the street
today to an old wino
he gave me two dollars and odd change
said blood turns into mighty fine wine

you kissed my mouth twice a week
we slept together, cheek to cheek

all the bridges in the town
burned down today, while all the
people sat eating dinner with
silver-plated forks and closed eyes

you held my hand in many ways
we walked together for days and days

i sat alone in the tired streets
making shadow puppets and counting stars
your voice was entwined in my hair
along with smoke and flower petals

the moon was pregnant in navy skies
we kissed and lazily brushed away the flies

none of the lights are working
in the suburban houses tonight
and you and i lay like spoons
drunk on the taste of each other's breath



requests for this issue:

****mix tapes.** with trashrock/swing/indie/opera/good
80s/rockabilly music in particular. (not to be picky or anything
smile) and i definitely trade tapes--if you make me one, i can't
help but make you one!

****poems/prose** for the next issue of *modluscious* and
puddlewonderful

****stickers!** the homemade kind, with the pro-girl/anti-isms
messages, you know? i'm collecting them to put on this cool
suitcase i have...

****anything** that has to do with the sanrio characters "little twin
stars"

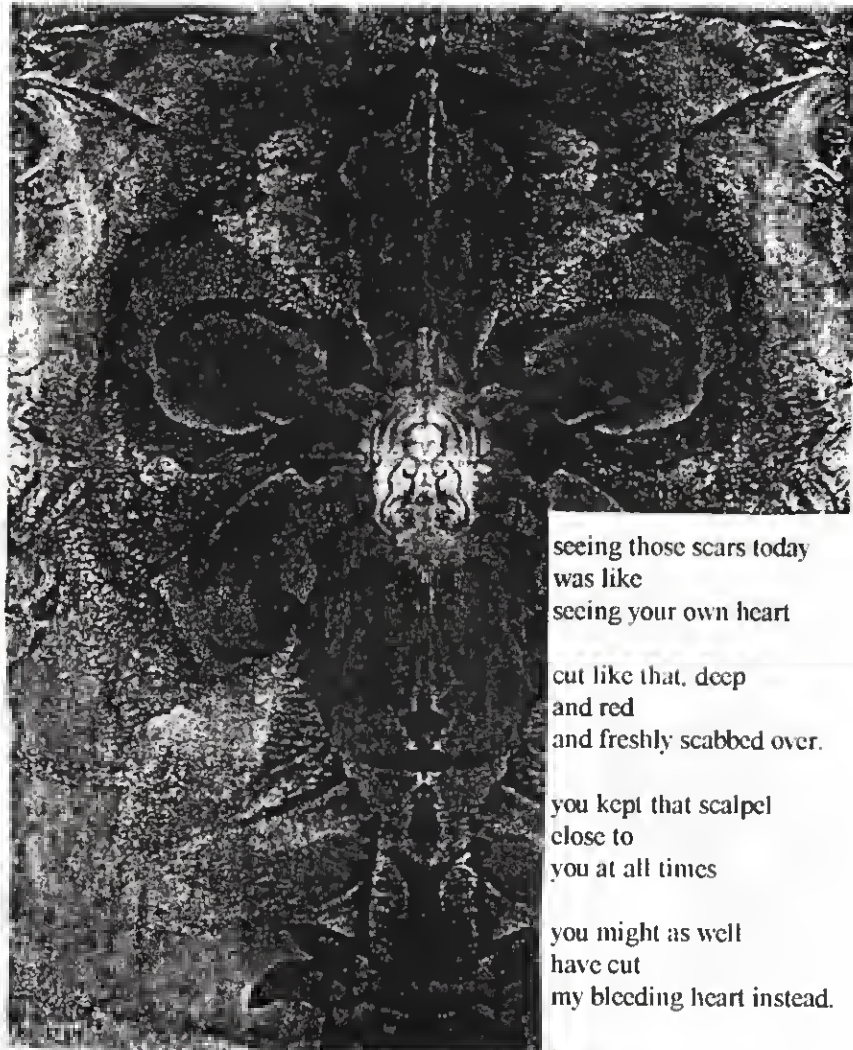
****anything pin-up girls**
(and these aren't just requests like "oh send it to me because i
want it..."--i definitely trade, and if you send me something
special i will send you something special in return!)



modluscious and *puddlewonderful* #1

is officially finished! this wonderful poetry/prose compilation
zine is available for \$1 & 2 stamps, with pieces by
heather see you in hell shari mod girl's love song eatherine violet
crimes gina luscious thoughts ashley she locked herself up in a
lemon and a whole bunch more!

i also need contributions for the second issue, and this time i've
decided not to deal with deadlines and the like...send me your
pieces and i will put it together when i feel i have enough.
smile but please, try to send me something as soon as you can!
and this time i'm going to expand it--in addition to poetry, short
stories, and prose, i am also looking for artwork! (half-digest
size, please--i can always retype words but i can't recreate art) so
send your heartwork in to me and i will be forever grateful, and
you (the contributor) will get a free copy of the finished product!
all contributors will be published.



seeing those scars today
was like
seeing your own heart

cut like that, deep
and red
and freshly scabbed over.

you kept that scalpel
close to
you at all times

you might as well
have cut
my bleeding heart instead.

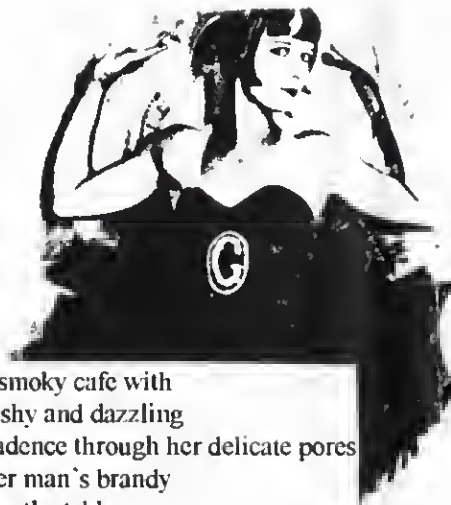
i wanted to pull
you close
to me but also

push you away at
the same
time, because i wanted

to kiss your pain
away but
seeing you like that

made me want to
cut myself
just one more time



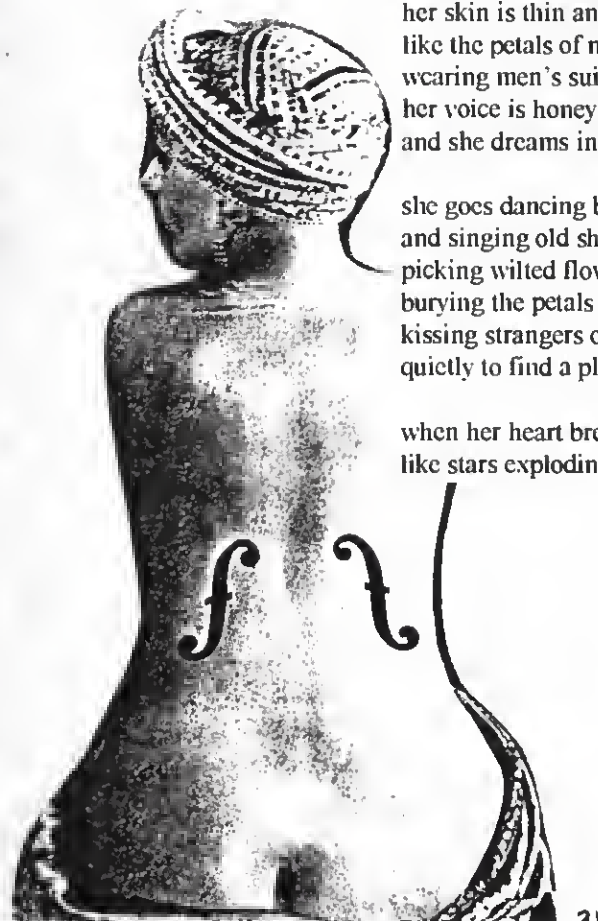


she walks in the smoky cafe with
louise brooks, flashy and dazzling
and exuding decadence through her delicate pores
she drinks another man's brandy
and waltzes across the tables
and chairs and out the door.

she likes fishnets and hairpins and
wears red roses in her hair
her skin is thin and fragile
like the petals of newly pressed azaleas
wearing men's suits and the brightest stars
her voice is honey and marmalade
and she dreams in black and white

she goes dancing by the river
and singing old show tunes,
picking wilted flowers and
burying the petals in the water
kissing strangers on the lips, slips off
quietly to find a place to cry alone.

when her heart breaks it is
like stars exploding and dying



A red warning flag should go up whenever anyone tries to make an absolute claim that they know without a doubt what is the strongest or the most intelligent or the most beautiful--how can one *know* something that is purely subjective? There are no *absolutes* for strength or intelligence or beauty, there are no meters with which to measure these quantities.

One of the strongest arguments is the fact that you cannot have true knowledge of intangible things. Strength, intelligence, or beauty cannot be picked up and measured and declared to be one hundred percent strong/intelligent/beautiful. You could claim that you *know* that something is beautiful, etc. but you cannot have true knowledge. On what bases would you claim your knowledge? Personal observation? How extensive can you get when comparing such abstract qualities? The problem is that in order to have knowledge of something, you must first have experienced it in some sort of way. It (whatever the something is you are trying to have knowledge of) does not necessarily have to be an object, but it does have to be an experience that can be observed by the senses. Strength, intelligence, and beauty are all qualities that can be *perceived* by the senses, but they cannot be *observed*. I can say that a person *looks* strong or beautiful or *seems* intelligent, but I cannot *see* those qualities in themselves.

It is impossible to define these three qualities objectively--the way one person sees strength is not the same as another person's view, and so therefore it is impossible to have an absolute standard of strength/intelligence/beauty. Those qualities are all subjective, their value changes from person to person--which means that for every person that exists, there are that many different definitions for strength/intelligence/beauty. What you think is strong is not what I may think is strong--there comes into play mental and emotional strength as well as physical, right? What looks hideous to me may be amazingly gorgeous to you, and a person I might find lacking in mental capacities you might hail as a genius. How can you know for certain something that is infinitely mutable and fluid? All you can say is that *to you* something is beautiful/strong/intelligent, but you cannot make that statement as one of absolute certainty because with intangible, immeasurable qualities such as strength, intelligence, and beauty there are no absolutes.

When it comes to qualities such as strength, intelligence, and beauty, there are no standards that they could be compared to in order to make the claim that one person or one race is more strong/intelligent/beautiful than another, because there are an infinite number of different definitions and ways to "define" those qualities.

this is part of an essay that i wrote for my theory of knowledge class, i thought it was worth putting in here, even if it does sound fairly formal.

the body and the blood.

the girl sits on her bed, amidst six fluffy pillows that she wishes weren't there. her fingers are aching for the familiar feel of a razor blade but one doesn't materialize. curling up, her head trying to bury itself between her knees, she rocks back and forth, silently crying and silently cursing the woman who stole her blades to try and stop her from reassuring herself.

[i am not here i am not here i am not]

she feels detached. her mind has withdrawn to protect itself: those scars are part of her body but they are not part of her. as she sits and as she rocks she scratches the fragile skin on top of her hand but it is not *her*. as she slides off her bed, her vision blurred by tears and rage, she scratches harder and harder and it is almost like these wounds that are appearing belong to another girl, not her. she is not inflicting pain on herself, she is getting revenge and dealing out punishment.

a self-ordained god, so to speak.

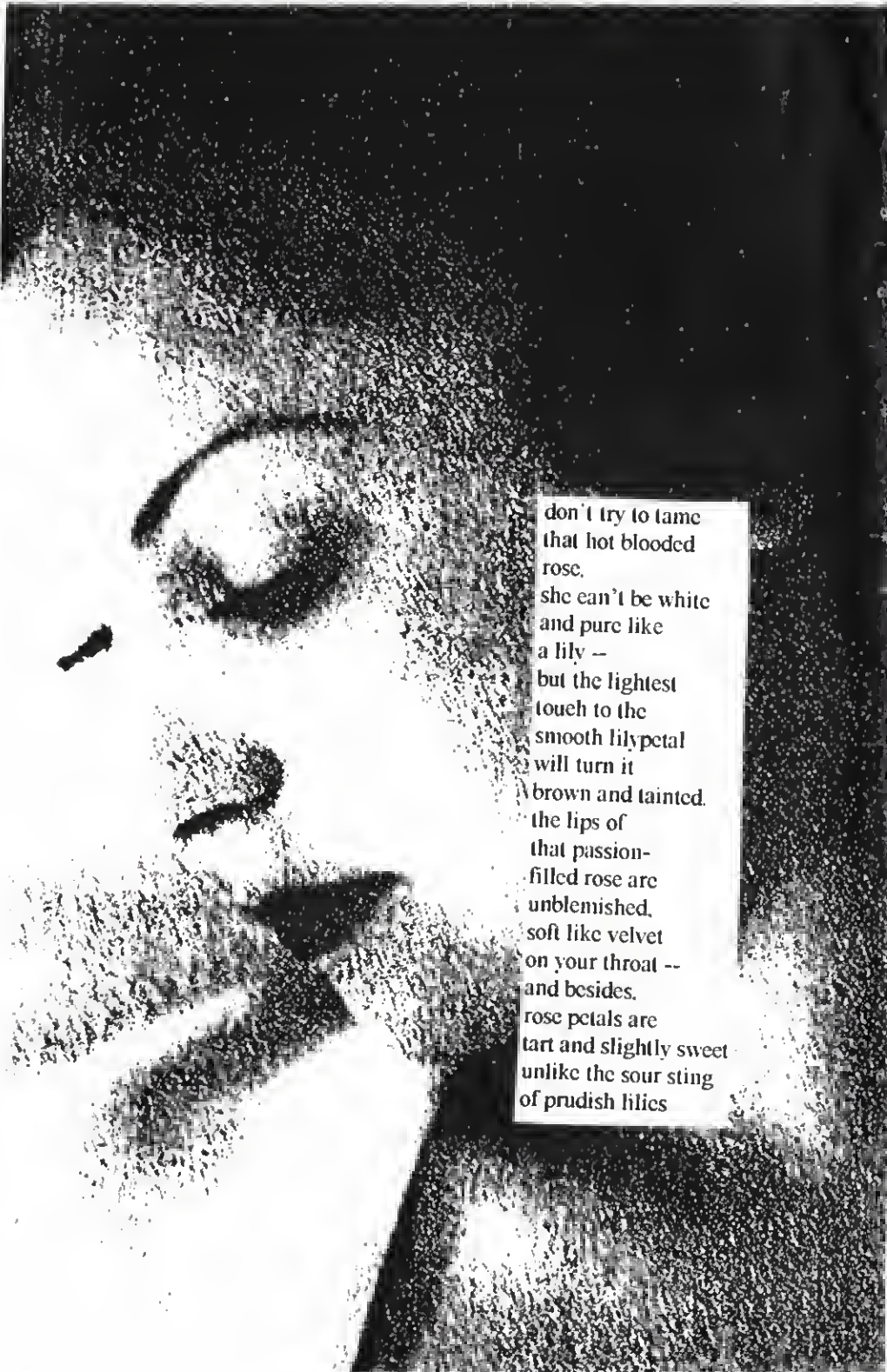
[you can't take this away from me
you can't take this away you can't]

[this is all i have don't leave me with nothing]

i wrote this in one of my classes for a creative assignment on whether we have the right to prohibit self-mutilation or not. when i wrote it, i had no idea that the teacher wanted us to read our "creative work" aloud to the class, so my stomach twisted into fifty knots and i felt nauseous and i packed up my backpack in case i had to walk out quickly, but she passed over me...i don't know why but i am glad she did. i was shaking at the thought of having to read this intensely personal work aloud to a classroom of people, and it left me emotionally upset for the next hour or so. this story is semi-autobiographical, even though some parts of it are exaggerated. for instance, i never used razor blades to cut myself. other than that, it is uncensored feelings that i was not prepared to share with my fellow classmates.



you could fall in love with me, i promise. you would fall in love with me if only you could see what i've seen, if only you could hear my beautiful thoughts. i am not an eloquent girl, but oh, i have the most gorgeous thoughts! i cannot express them in words, but they are composed of every sunset i've ever seen, every apple i've ever tasted, every mouth i've ever kissed, every poem i've ever written. if only you could see the poetry in my mind, it is infinitely more beautiful than what you've read. the music in my mind is a fusion of every beautiful song i have ever heard. if only you could hear my unsung music and read my unwritten poetry, i promise you would fall in love with me. if only you could see how beautiful a flower is to me, or a rain shower, or your hands. if you could have any idea of the beauty rampaging behind my eyes, you would be dumbfounded. you cannot hear me, but my voice is divine. more mellifluous than any beautiful voice you have ever heard. you could fall in love with me, i promise.



don't try to tame
that hot blooded
rose,
she can't be white
and pure like
a lily --
but the lightest
touch to the
smooth lilypetal
will turn it
brown and tainted.
the lips of
that passion-
filled rose are
unblemished,
soft like velvet
on your throat --
and besides,
rose petals are
tart and slightly sweet
unlike the sour sting
of prudish lilies

everything gets really hazy as i'm about to drift off...it feels like everything is a mirage and if i touch the table or the girl next to me with the blond hair and the sullen face, they'll all ripple and disappear, floating little gossamer shards in the air that i can't break because i'm not real either. and so i'm half asleep and half awake and half conscious and half unconscious and i try to tell myself that i really am here, sitting in the blue chair with the unstable leg but somehow my body won't believe me.



your mouth crushed against mine.
my lips crumpled like paper wings.
i was stiff in your clumsy embrace
our hearts beating together quickly.

i have flower petal lips,
soft and easily bruised.
your eyelashes are so beautiful
like thin rays of moonlight.

your eyes kept closed,
looking at me through your fingertips.
my heart broke and mended
simultaneously, your arms were warm.

welded against each other,
my ear pressed against your chest.
i was engulfed inside your
heart, i am there still.

The Bible says:

"For by grace are ye saved **THROUGH FAITH**; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: **NOT OF WORKS**, lest any man should boast." (Ephesians 2:8-9)

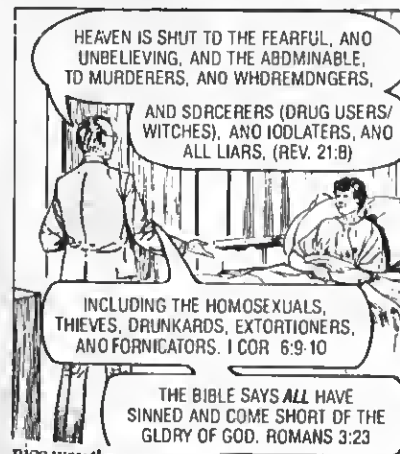
Want a shocker?

Look at Satan's respectable religions that push good works and ignore the Word of God.

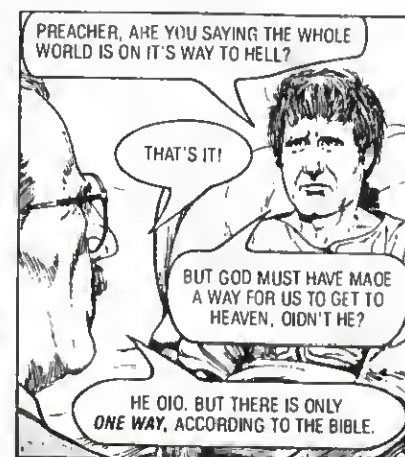
- Roman Catholicism
- Islam
- Mormonism
- Masonry
- Jehovah's Witnesses

And many others

Again billions are lost . . . because their faith is in their religion and its false teachings. (See 2 Corinthians 11:13-15; Matthew 7:15-16a & 7:21-23)



nice way they conformed "sorcerers" to mean drug users and witches.



look! roman catholicism is one of "satan's respectable religions"; i bet catholics would be surprised to know that one.

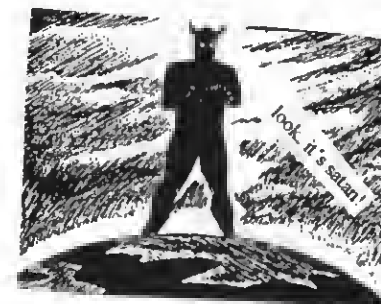
"well, to put it simply--YOU'RE ALL GOING TO HELL."

Satan's Pied Pipers, in these closing hours, are the heavy metal bands turning our kids into witches and warlocks.



Read The Devil's Disciples by Jeff Godwin, published by Chick Publications.

look! the heavy metal band looks suspiciously like KISS! i always knew they were up to no good, witches and warlocks, hm?

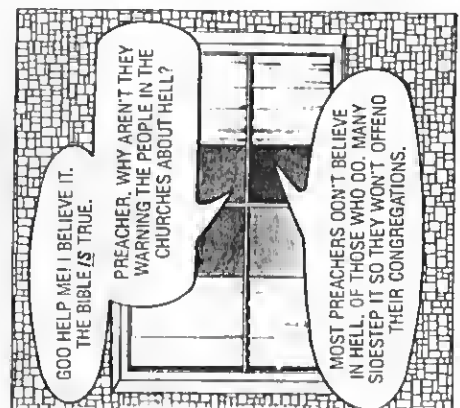


you too can be lucky and own some of these religious tracts--write to the company and ask them to send you some!
Chick Publications
P.O. Box 662
Chino, CA 91708-0662

these are some excerpts from the bible tracts i acquired over the spring break, to show how narrow-minded and dogmatic some religions can be. i'm not quite sure what religion these are from, but it seems like evangelical baptists to me.



wow, i never knew that *jesus* created hell...i was under the impression that god created hell. you learn something new every day!



who in the HELL told her that???

Satan countered this by creating the lie of reincarnation to con the people into believing that they would live many lives.



Billions believing that lie, will die in their sins and go into hell, completely unaware that Christ will judge them after death.

This takes in Hinduism, Buddhism, Shintoism, New Age, etc.

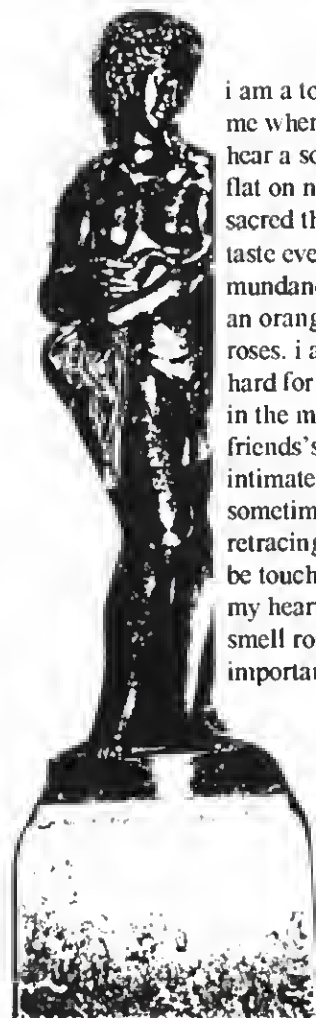
the "etc." is the best part—wouldn't want to leave out the rest of the eastern religions! it's only roughly 65% of the world's population, on it's way to hell...

Did you accept Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour? Yes ☐ No ☐
Date _____

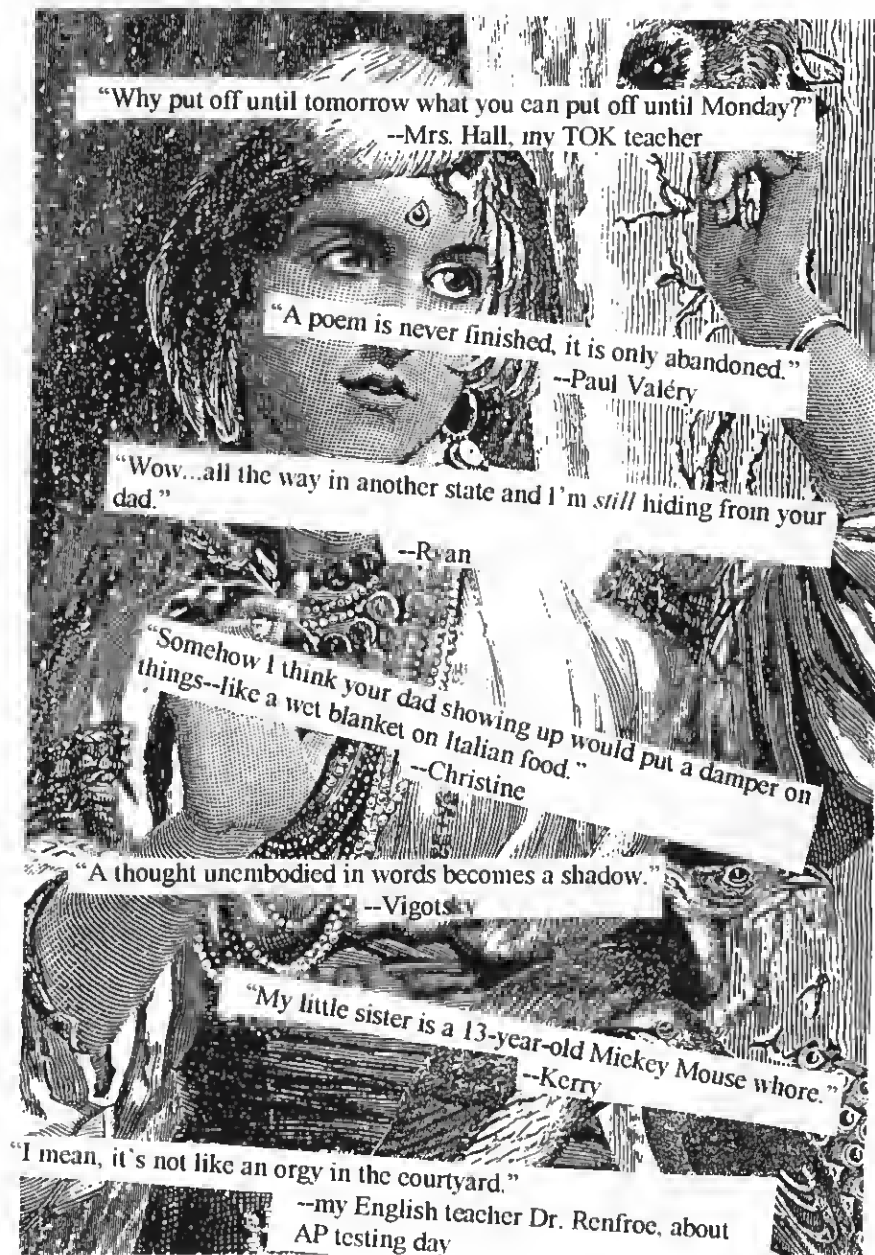
The world is an armed camp ready for the Battle of Armageddon. It won't be long.



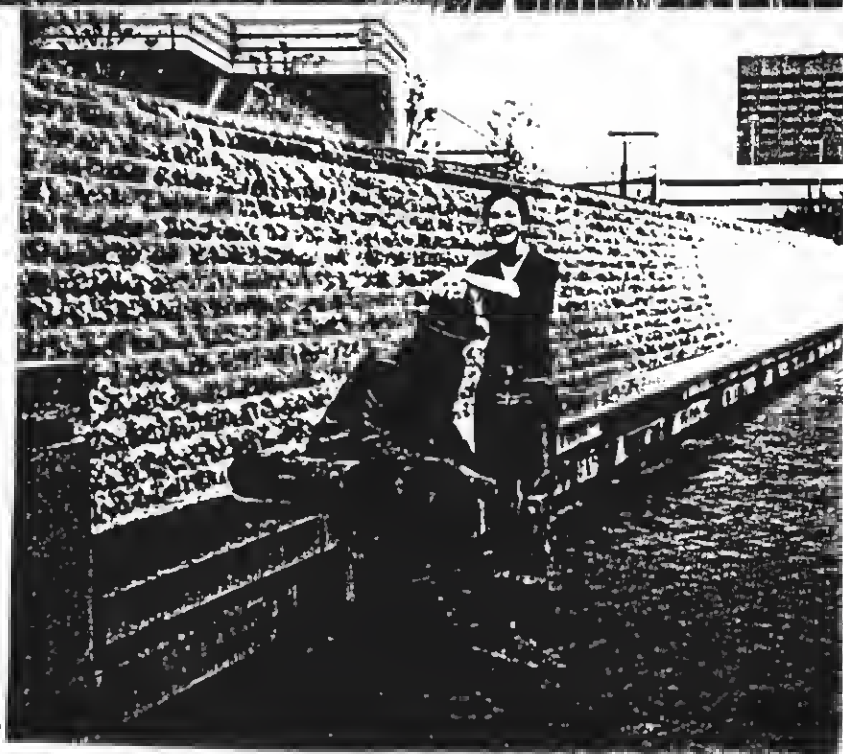
i am a total and complete sensualist...things are so meaningful to me when i can touch or taste or smell or see or hear them. when i hear a song, sometimes it is so powerful that i am just knocked flat on my back, literally unable to breathe...eating is such a sacred thing to me, because of the fact that i relish every bite, taste everything as if i've never tasted it before. the most mundane things become sensual to me--taking a shower, eating an orange, listening to beethoven, putting on clothes, smelling roses. i am a very touchy-feely person, and sometimes it is so hard for me to restrain myself from touching other people, even in the most silly ways. sometimes i'll just lean over and touch my friends's shoelaces, or thigh, or play with their hair. when getting intimate with someone, touch is extremely important to me. sometimes i could just spend a whole hour just tracing and retracing the contours of their body and face. i love to touch and be touched. sometimes i feel that when i look at beautiful things my heart will burst because it just means so much to me...when i smell roses or fabric softener or skin musk, it feels so much more important to me than it could to anyone else.



the magical quote page!



"Everything that is of non-American heritage deserves applause."
--Erik DeVriendt



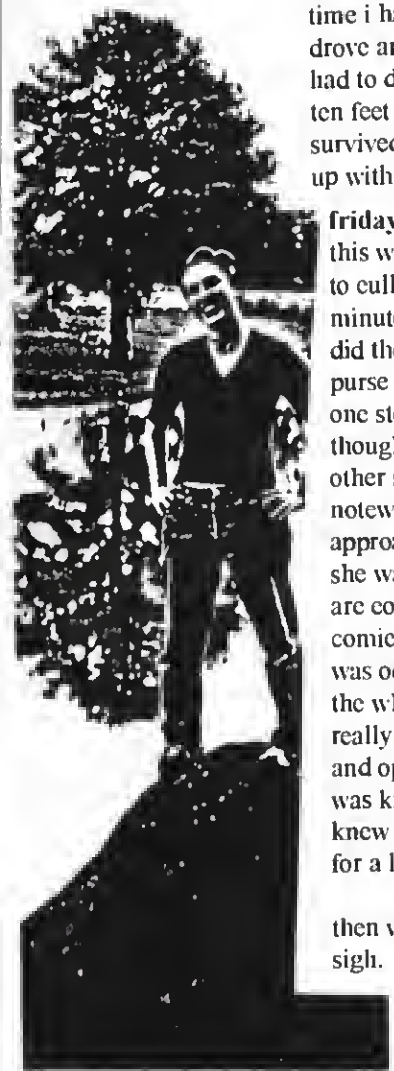
thursday, april 16

this was one of the most boring days...first, we had to wake up at the ungodly hour of 6:00 a.m. to get ready to leave for tennessee. it sucked saying goodbye cos the visit with april seemed so short, but i have pictures and hopefully will visit again sometime. i slept almost the whole way to knoxville, except when i had to drive...there my mom was going to visit one of her friends that she hadn't seen in 14 years, so she left us at the denny's and promised to pick us up at 2:00 (it was 11 then). so we ate (and i do love denny's, cos they have the BEST mozzarella sticks in the whole world) but that didn't kill 3 hours, and it was raining so we couldn't walk anywhere so we spent about an hour sitting outside of denny's and it was so BORING!!! but then we drove over to north carolina. to stay in maggie valley. it was the first time i had ever seen mountains and it was so amazing! so we drove around, looking at everything...and on our way back, we had to drive through this hellish hailstorm! we could barely see ten feet ahead of us, and the hail was pretty big and scary. but we survived (obviously), and spent the rest of the night playing dress up with our prom dresses and watching nick at nite....

friday, april 17

this was a really rad day...the day i went broke. we took a trip up to cullowhee to visit western carolina, and then after that 5 minutes went to asheville, which is a cool town. basically all we did there was shop, but i found a really rad antique silver beaded purse and a bunch of stickers and rubber stamps and went into one store where the woman was playing the trashwomen (i thought of you, leather *see you in hell!*) and bought a bunch of other stuff until i only had \$1 left! and also something noteworthy--i got my first religious tract today. yea! this lady approached us (she was really nice and everything) and told us she was trying to get the message out about the "rock bands" that are corrupting today's youth and gave us all little religious comics. hee hee. then we ate at this vegetarian restaurant, which was odd cos none of us are vegetarians...ryan was crying for meat the whole time, but i had a really good pizza! *smile* it was a really neat, pretty town and now my mom wants to move there and open a tea house/bookstore with her best friend. that night was kind of sad because i didn't want to go back home, and i knew it was the last night that i'd be able to sleep in ryan's arms for a long long time.

then we came home on saturday and it's back to life as usual. sigh.



Dissolution.

They sat across from each other in silence in the poorly lit diner, facing each other yet not looking at each other. She sat stiffly, staring at the cracked and peeling faded red plastic of the table. Slowly chewing her dark pink lipstick off her bottom lip, she drummed a nervous rhythm on the tabletop with her fingers.

He was also staring at the table, taking slow breaths and lazily twirling his fork in his cold pasta. The cigarette he held loosely between the fingers of his other hand emitted plumes of fragrant smoke into the air, surrounding her head and perfuming her hair.

"Your food is getting cold," she murmured quietly. *I feel like I am continuously flinging myself against a wall, trying to make myself break into millions of tiny pieces so I can be put back together again.*

"I know," he replied curtly yet sadly. *Perhaps if I scream loud enough I will shatter.*

She stopped drumming her fingers. Raising her eyes to look at his face, she asked softly, "If I reached across the table and touched your hand, would you pull away?" Her breath caught as she watched him turn his head away and remove his hands from the table, a wordless yes. "Okay," she whispered, for anything louder than a whisper would betray her quavering voice.

Each breath was a fight against tears.

His averted eyes hurt her more than any words ever could.

As he sat there, knowing that she was crying silently without having to look at her, he wished that he could reach across the table and put his arms around her shoulders like he used to. But he couldn't. *Things are different now.*

The check for their uneaten meal came, lying forlornly facedown on the table. She looked at it and realized that the longer she stayed, the faster her emotions would fall apart. She was slowly chipping apart, with every unspoken word, every untouched touch. *Perhaps, she thought, if I leave now there will still be something left of me to put back together. If I stay, I will slowly die inside.*

Not looking at him, she slid out of the booth and stood, unstable, next to the table. "I never lied to you. I always did love you...and I think I still do. But I have to take care of myself." He opened his mouth to respond, but instead he only nodded wordlessly. She walked out of the diner slowly, looking over her shoulder at the person she once was in love with, the one with the hunched shoulders and hands covering his face.

Then the door swung shut and it was over.

dislodged him and so i didn't get to. then we found a cool asian market where i found some rad stickers and stuff, and spent the whole time muttering about the fact that english was such an ugly language and i wished i could read what my stickers said. but it was so cool.

wednesday, april 15

today was "meet april day!" she was the first zinester i have ever met and it was so fun! she was late, and so we were all sitting in the lobby waiting for her to arrive...and *every* single person that walked through the lobby door was a black man, and it got quite hilarious (you know how when you're tired, things that aren't normally that funny become extremely funny?) after awhile. but then she showed up, with amazing blue hair and apologies for being late, and we did the meet-my-mom thing and got out stuff and headed off to little 5 points. there, i had one of the best shopping experiences of the whole trip--there is actually a store that sells zines there! we don't have that in jacksonville, so i was duly impressed (in fact, the entire trip my most common phrase was "i wish we had something like this in jacksonville!"). i found a CD that i had been looking for for a YEAR ("the pink album" by tuscadero), and bought some other clothes and CDs and a parasol...then we went to her friend chad's house and he was really nice and demonstrated how april has "the opposite of a foot fetish" (a chad quote) (she has quite a barefoot-phobia). thecennnn...we went to april's house and it is HUGE. seriously. her room is like, twice mine, and is covered with morrissey/britpop band pictures and is really rad. so we hung out and watched the "jerry springer too hot for TV" video and the 90210 high school reunion and then went to MJQ for britpop night! yea! i was kicking myself the whole time for not bringing my camera, because everyone there was so beautiful and cool...so i danced and ryan and christine sat on the wall (he didn't know how to dance to britpop and she was in a really bitchy mood), but it was so much fun.



spring break '98, baby!!

i think i just had the best vacation of my life...on easter sunday. me. my mom, my best friend christine, and my boyfriend ryan all got in the car and headed off to atlanta. to embark on our "college-touring trip" (as we told the adults--in truth we spent about 30 minutes in all at colleges). it was so wonderful, being able to fall asleep in the arms of the person that i am in love with every night. here are the highlights of my trip:

monday, april 13

today was a wonderful version of hell...we (the kids) spent a record 6 hours at *one* mall looking for prom dresses and stuff in general. i have never done that before in my life, and i never want to do it again. but it was so cool going in all the designer shops. except when i would see something i really liked and discover that it had a 4-digit price (yikes!). but. our mission was complete because i DID find a prom dress--it's RED and satin and has a tight bodice and a poofy skirt and i love it so much! and ryan survived an entire day of shopping with us (we couldn't find him an arcade) so he won the "most wonderful" guy award. that night, we were in our hotel room when my mom calls over with the news that she can't get in touch with my dad and is worried that he might be on his way to atlanta (he did NOT know that ryan was with us, cos he hates ryan). so we felt like we were in a crime movie or something, with ryan frantically packing his bags so we could stick him at another hotel for the night and me getting to say things like "pack up, we're movin' out!" in a crime-boss voice, heh heh. and my dad turned out to be out shooting pool and drinking beer. not on his way up to atlanta, but it was fun anyhow.

tuesday, april 14

quite an interesting day! my mom got assaulted by a bum! well, kind of. we had just left a tea house and were walking back to the car when this nasty wino sitting in a corner (and he was really gross. with yellow stuff in his beard and his teeth were all black and decaying) got up and was talking to us...so ryan gave him five and then he held his hand out to my mom, so she did the same. but then he pulled her close to him and was all "i loooove redheads, you're so beautiful" and by this time i was in the middle of the parking lot, but they told me that he started kissing her neck. eww!! and i tried to take a picture, but they finally

me and mom, outside where the bum attacked her



it's so hard for me to resist totally absorbing myself in him...i am struggling against myself to not become pliable and submissive, to remain strongly my own person. my inner conflict is me waging war against some part of me that wants to become helpless and doll-like--but i am fighting so hard, i can't make the same mistakes twice. he wants me strong and i want me strong but she wants me weak. i use all of my force to oppress her and smother her but sometimes i can't help but let her out and i hate it. i am divided within myself and i don't know why.

interference.

it hurt me today, that connection with you, that one hand on your back, the sound of your voice, the first time i had heard you speak to me in months.

[did it really hurt? or are you just writing that because it sounds poetic, because it sounds melodramatic?]

i didn't look into your eyes, i didn't look at your mouth, i couldn't, it would pierce my heart as if your mouth was a rose and your eyes were the thorns.

[you know it doesn't make a difference, you know, you don't care anymore.]

i trembled as i were touching you for the first time, every sensation amplified, the cloth of your shirt, the velvet timbre of your voice, the way you sounded as if you were glad that we accidentally bumped into each other.

[the same recycled material, the same cliché images, don't act as if you are merely recounting an experience that happened today, this is all exaggeration, you sinking comfortably into old problems, old writing habits.]
one touch was more than enough.

i once knew this girl, everywhere she went she would spin, i would watch her sometimes, whenever she spun, she closed her eyes, opened her mouth partway, she spun slowly at first then faster and faster until i watched to see whether she would lift off from the ground, i asked her one time, "why do you spin?" and she cocked her head to one side and regarded me with her eyes, "just because" she said, but there was so much more in her eyes, "because i like it because i am out of control when i spin because i don't know what else to do because i hate myself because i love life because i really do believe that one day i'll spin off this earth" her eyes said to me, i never watched her spin again.



i can't decide what to write about. i am sitting in this stifling classroom with the only sound that of the annoying click of calculator buttons. and i don't know why my insides feel so twisted up.

no i don't really want to die
i only want to die in your eyes

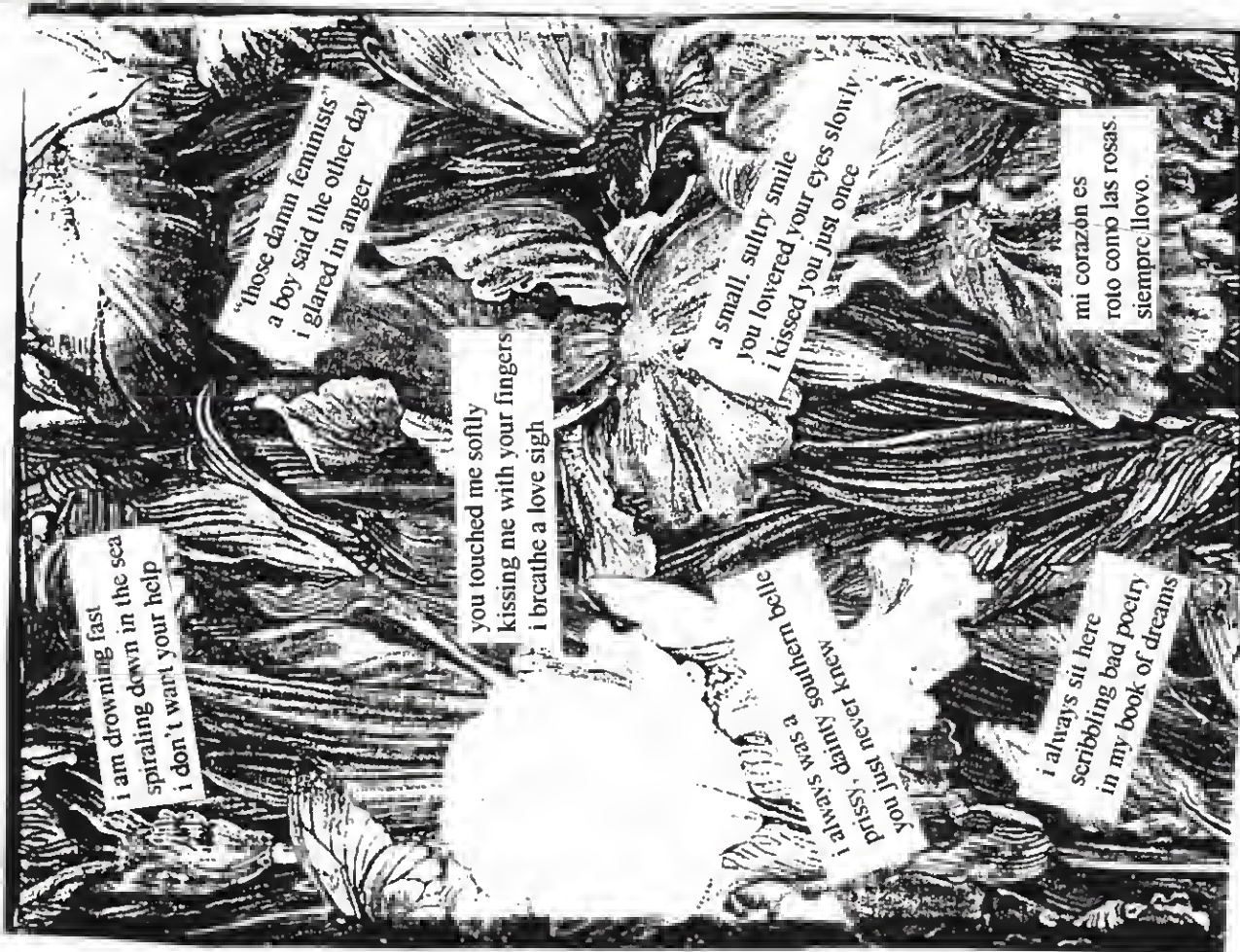
i think i protect others from myself. i think i consciously refrain from suffering from anxiety or panic so that i won't become a burden to others. why do i not speak up. why do i try to make myself as small as possible?

no i don't really want to die
i only want to die in your eyes

the same song, the same lines keep coursing through my mind and all i can think of are those words and fragments of thought. nothing to write about coherently. i am surrounded by so many people yet i feel so isolated from all of them, like i can't really be a part of their life. and i still don't know what to write about.

time does not exist
in this oppressive cage room
the hours do not move

constrained in this cell
i can feel my wings break free
i am pure and white



i am drowning fast
spiraling down in the sea
i don't want your help

"those damn feminists"
a boy said the other day
i glared in anger

you touched me softly
kissing me with your fingers
i breathe a love sigh

a small, sultry smile
you lowered your eyes slowly
i kissed you just once

i always was a
prissy, dainty southern belle
you just never knew

i always sit here
scribbling bad poetry
in my book of dreams

mi corazón es
roto como las rosas.
siempre lloro.

realization.

she lies on the bed, inanimate, her clothes in a sad heap on the faded brown carpet. sometimes she closes her eyes, sometimes she just stares at the white bumpy ceiling, as he pushes his fingers further into her body.

i have been doing this for so long, as long as i can remember, in second grade, all the girls would taunt the boys until they would chase us, we would run off screaming, our pink ribbons and lacy hems flapping in the wind as we scampered away, hoping that the boys wouldn't catch us, and i always played along, even though i wished that they would catch me, that i would fall into the dirt with their hot, sticky boy body pressing on top of me.

her naked body was luminous in the unlit room, everything seemed so mechanical to her, so routine. the moment he had removed her pants, she became nothing more than an object to him, he had his eyes closed, too, gritting his teeth and focusing only on instant gratification. she knew everything that she was supposed to do, pumping her hips periodically, meaning at the appropriate moment, otherwise she was numb.

and in fourth grade all the girls were still boy-shy, some beginning to grow tiny breasts and some frightened at the blood coming from between their thighs. we all flirted with the boys and giggled and told flashlight stories in hushed whispers about boys that were cute or eye contact made, but deep inside, those girls were uncomfortable with their budding sexuality and secretly hated being stared at, but i would lie under the covers at night and dream of boy hands on my body, boy tongues in my mouth, i would let them put their hands on my legs and silently wish for them to slide upward, underneath my skirt, even though they never did.

the only sounds in the room were the muffled creaking of bedsprings, an occasional sigh of feigned pleasure, and the straining sound of restraint. she was separated now, mind from body, her body was unimportant, it was only something to be touched and taken from, her mind was another story, however, she kept it unattached, hidden, so that prying fingers and tongues could not find it and have their way with it as well, staring up at the ceiling, she thought about all of this and tried to ignore the soreness between her legs.

i just feel so empty inside. i keep hoping that one of these times, this gaping nothingness inside of me will be filled by someone else's fingers, someone else's tongue. i've been here all along, not asking for anything but not denying anything as well, laying on my back or on my stomach with my legs spread and yet nothing seems to help, nothing seems to matter. i don't know any way to become complete.

after he had exhausted himself, he lay next to her and fell quickly asleep, slipping into slow, rhythmic breathing as she lay perfectly still, eyes staring into the darkness, searching for some sign of fulfillment. for some realization that the aching hole in her belly had been filled, it never happened, though, no matter how much she wished it to be true. she didn't move or blink for the longest time, only lay silent, thinking.

ever since i was young i always searched to be complete, and yet i always depended on someone else to provide my own fulfillment. i always assumed that someone else could do it for me, that by feeling someone else inside me i could be filled, but i never realized that i was trying to fill something intangible, something that could never be touched by a finger or a tongue. i always denied the fact that when i was lying flat and letting a boy have free reign over my body i didn't feel even close to being fulfilled, but emptier than ever.

she slid out from underneath the heavy weight of his arm and quickly dressed, smoothing her shirt. the door clicked softly as she opened it slowly so to not wake him, as she stepped out the door, she didn't look back even once.